



First Report on

A secret investigation is trying to

Dr. Hans Loberg of Norway, chief of investigating team, says the first revelations are astounding.

By E. W. GRENFELL

ON a tiny island in the North Sea off the German coast, a secret investigation is in progress to determine whether hydrogen bomb explosions in the Pacific Ocean knocked a flying saucer to the earth. Preliminary findings were revealed recently in Oslo, Norway, by Dr. Hans Larsen Loberg, a retired Norwegian scientist, who said investigators have already made some startling discoveries.

In his report, Dr. Loberg said the mysterious cracking and shattering of automobile windshields in several U. S. cities a few months ago may be explained when results of the investigation are in. Because, he added, the grounded saucer is reported to carry firing instruments capable of shattering glass with magnetic rays.

The saucer came down on Heligoland, a small island which the Germans used as a U-Boat base during World War I. Since the island is only a speck of land in a large body of water, Dr. Loberg believes the disk was forced to earth when H-bomb blasts created conditions of atmospheric pressure that made flight impossible.

It was not a crash-up, and investigators found most of the saucer's instruments in good condition. On the ground surrounding the ship were found the bodies of seven men, all burned beyond recognition. They may, or may not, have been passengers aboard the weird flying craft.

Dr. Loberg, one-time winner of the Hungarian Physics Award, said descriptive details of the saucer were told to him by a fellow-scientist who is with the investigating team on Heligoland.

If magnetic rays from the flying saucer shattered auto windshields, then police in several American cities will close the books on a case which drove them to the boiling point a few months ago.

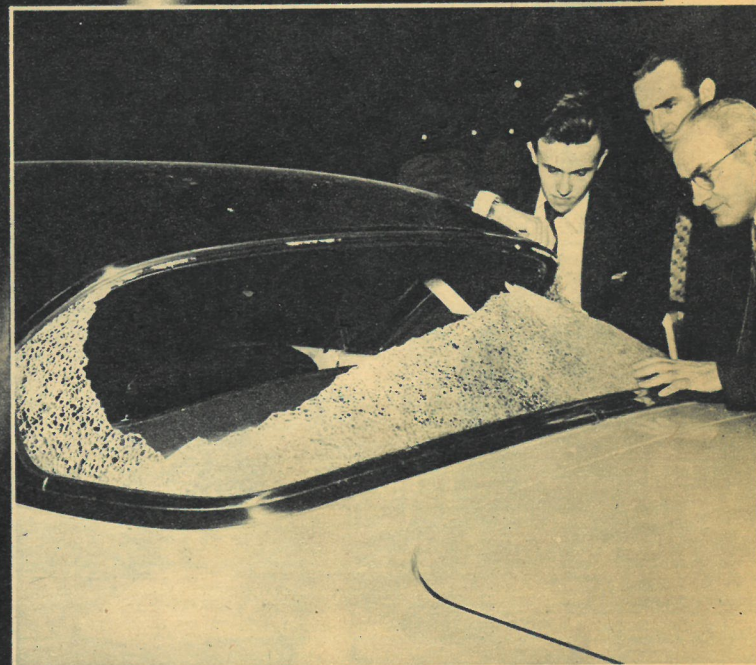
It all began in the little city of Bellingham, Washington, where horrified citizens learned that, in one

(Continued on page 56)



the *Captured* Flying Saucer!

determine what caused this strange craft to crash off German coast



Scientists believe mysterious epidemic of pocked windshields have been caused by flying saucers.

the alcoholic problem but have no known method of dealing with it—were the least cooperative and the most hostile.

"Despite this the Bronx County Medical Society made a thorough investigation of my method and the operation of Bridge House, endorsed them, and recommended expansion of our facilities."

In a tenth anniversary report to the City of New York, McGoldrick pointed with pride to the hundreds of thousands of dollars Bridge House has saved taxpayers since its inception.

The cost to the city of one alcoholic going through the revolving

door of futility has been estimated by authorities to be about \$3,000 per year in hospitalization, imprisonment and welfare grants to him and his family.

Bridge House rehabilitates men at a maximum cost of \$145 per man—a record seldom achieved in this country.

Yearly, Bridge House receives increasing requests for therapeutic aid both from residents and non-residents of New York City (the latter cannot be accepted), but with facilities limited to about 400 men a year, several hundred applicants, including women, have to be refused admittance.

Of those men taken in for treatment, usually more than two-thirds have tried medical and psychiatric therapy, and the assistance of volunteer organizations, without being helped.

It is McGoldrick's hope not only to extend his bureau's work among men, but also to set up facilities comparable to Bridge House for female alcoholics.

According to statistics, approximately one out of every six alcoholics is a woman. In a city the size of New York, that would indicate a goodly number of ladies who need help in straight-thinking.

THE END

FIRST REPORT ON CAPTURED FLYING SAUCER!

(Continued from page 16)

week's time, 1,500 automobiles had turned up with cracked windshields—and no one could explain the reason why.

Bellingham's 34,000 people began to wonder if ghosts had invaded their midst. Even house and store windows slithered into bits.

The windshields at times cracked up while cars were in motion, but no one could pin down any concrete cause.

While the astounding story made headlines throughout the U.S., Bellingham's city officials were dodging frantic citizens, police were going crazy, and local glass manufacturers were making a fortune.

Then, windshields began falling apart in Wyoming, in Oklahoma City, in Pittsburgh and finally in New York City. Nobody, not even glass experts, could come up with a reasonable explanation.

The saucer's magnetic ray gun, which Dr. Loberg believes responsible for all the disintegrating glass, may also provide a solution to still another mystery—an airplane crash near Fort Knox, Ky., on January 7, 1948.

On that day an unidentified object was sighted over Goodman Air Force Base at Fort Knox by both military and civilian observers. Air Force Captain Thomas K. Bandell, flying his plane over the base, radioed the Goodman Tower and reported the object was traveling at half his speed.

"I'm closing in now to take a good look," he reported. "It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. This thing

looks metallic and of tremendous size . . . It's going up now and forward as fast as I am. That's 360 miles per hour. I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer I'll abandon chase."

The time was 1:15 P.M. And that was the last radio contact Bandell had with the Goodman Tower. Several hours later, his body was found in the wreckage of his plane near the base.

If the Heligoland saucer's magnetic ray gun is in good condition, it may reveal the power to shatter airplanes as well as glass.

Dr. Loberg contends the craft apparently landed under guidance of its own instruments and the investigators studied it at a distance for two days before risking closer observation.

The area where the saucer came down was bombarded with cosmic rays, Geiger counters and other protective devices before investigation began.

THE seven charred bodies found around the saucer are yet unidentified.

Their clothing was burned away completely and there were no clues to indicate whether they were passengers aboard the craft, or whether they were Heligoland residents ventured too close to the saucer too soon.

Curiously, all seven men seemed to be from 25 to 30 years of age and of the same height—about 5 feet 8 inches. All had excellent teeth.

Investigators have one theory:

That the seven were passengers who were consumed by fire inside the descending ship. The blaze probably had been caused by sudden changes in atmospheric pressure conditions inside the saucer's hermetically sealed cabin.

Atop the craft, was a trap-door through which the seven bodies could have been thrown by the impact of landing.

Even more curious were the ship's measurements. It was 91 feet in diameter and the cabin was 70 feet in height. In fact, all the dimensions were divisible by seven.

On the control board were a series of push-buttons, but the investigators are still studying the interior mechanism to learn what propelled the saucer in flight.

Dr. Loberg's theory is that the disk may have traveled by harnessing magnetic lines of force which scientists know encircle the nine planets of the solar system.

He points out that there was no motor and no propeller, but if magnetic force is involved, the saucer would move just as a nail moves when approached by a magnet.

The landing gear resembled a tripod of three metal cylinders which could revolve in any direction. There were no bolts, rivets or screws on the saucer and in the construction were found two metals which are entirely unknown to scientists.

Outer metal of the ship was light in weight and resembled aluminum, but it was so hard that even 15,000

degrees Fahrenheit could not melt it down.

Two men could easily lift one side of the saucer.

ALTHOUGH it was not immediately established that the seven burned men were former passengers of the ship, investigators found equipment inside which definitely resembled living quarters!

Wall-enclosed bunks were ingeniously placed on one side of the cabin's interior.

A liquid resembling water but almost three times as heavy as normal drinking water, was found in two small containers. On a wall-

bracket was a tube filled with a large number of pills, possibly tabulated food.

The saucer's radio, which had no tubes, no wires and no aerial, was about as small as a king-size cigarette package.

Pamphlets and booklets, which seem to deal with navigation problems, were also found but investigators are still trying to decipher the script used in the text.

Dr. Loberg emphasized that when the Heligoland investigation is completed, the report will add a new chapter to flying saucer history.

THE END

FOUR TO ONE

(Continued from page 33)

ace. "Oh, you're the visitor Daddy told us about. My name's Edna. I'm Gwendolyn's sister."

"Told us?" I asked myself confusedly. Gwendolyn knew I was here. Reinstadt told Edna and who else? It was strange . . . these girls being here.

I dismissed all questions, planning to thank them and take off.

"Is your father around? I want to thank him for the room because I'll have to be going now."

"No please don't go yet," she begged in her disturbing monotone. "At least stay for breakfast. I'll make it for you right now."

"I'd love to but I have an appointment at eight."

I started for the door and then felt Edna's warm flesh pressed to my side.

"Mr. Tracy," she said, tugging gently at my arm, "come into the kitchen. We'll talk while I fix you up something."

With reluctance I stayed, but not because ham and eggs are particularly pleasing to my palate.

Sounds were coming from the cellar again. Different sounds than before, but still sounds. I wondered if the old guy had a private torture chamber in operation down there.

Muriel, another sister that was obviously the "us," good morninged me with a hungry look. The two beauties pattered around and finally came up with a scrambled egg.

They conversed intelligently but in a toneless voice. They were also practically identical, and both very beautiful. I noticed the starved looks they were giving me.

Reinstadt appeared just as I finished the egg.

"Hello, my friend." His manner was more cheerful than it was last night. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes I did, and I want to thank you for the lodgings and to thank your daughters for the nice breakfast they gave me."

I wished that I could pay but was down to my last two bits. I rose from the chair, determined to leave then and there.

"You certainly don't want to leave now, young fellow. No one will be on the road for several hours yet."

IHAD not counted on that and groped around for another excuse to leave. I thought of telling him that I'd go down and try to find what the trouble was with the car, but he answered this as if he had read my mind.

"Edna telephoned for a mechanic this morning. He'll be here at nine."

I glanced down at my watch and it showed seven-thirty. That meant an hour and a half in a place I liked less every second. The whole thing didn't add up, the wizened old man and his daughters.

"You can tell me of the outside world while we wait. I don't see much of it any more."

For over an hour I told him of the world, about myself, my job, other things. As I was talking, I noticed that a far-off look would sometimes settle on his face. He was probably recalling the world

as he knew it, and putting my words into mental pictures.

I talked, and learned little about him. An ex-scientist who retired to a deserted country estate. That was all I could put together. When the big hand of my watch moved on the twelve, I rose to leave. I knew I'd never miss the four of them.

Then, "Just a minute, Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "I have another daughter I want you to meet."

I knew I'd never miss the five of them.

"You do like my little girls, don't you, Mr. Tracy," he asked slyly.

"Sure," I answered, "fine girls. But I really have to go now. Thanks for your hospitality, Dr. Reinstadt."

I pedaled backward and turned around. I came face to face with a very good-looking girl holding a very ugly-looking gun.

"Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "meet Annette."

THE smooth, enameled table that I lie on is in the center of the mansion's cellar. Strong leather straps restrain my arms, legs, and chest.

On the left is Dr. Kurt Reinstadt, the crazed scientist whose ideas on human to automaton transference were rejected as ridiculous. He was laughed at and called a foolish old man.

He had bubbled this information as the robot-girl, Annette, led me down here. A warped genius, he had spent years perfecting his sinister plans.

He built four beautiful molds of young women, then had forcibly made his daughters submit to the experiment. Their brains, along with controlling devices, and other parts of their insides, were transplanted into the cleverly-made molds.

Reinstadt's explaining voice buzzed in my ear.

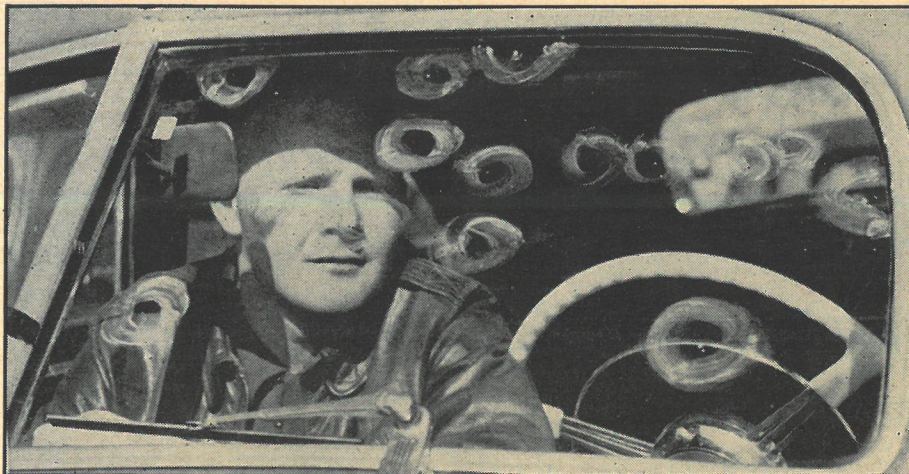
"You see, my friend, I do not have altogether complete control over my daughters. Nature still resides in them. In short, they want a man. They pleaded with me to keep you here."

I strained against the leather straps. Reinstadt noticed me.

"Don't fight, Mr. Tracy. My daughters are lovely. You'll be happy."

He walked away and came back rolling another table. On it was peculiar scientific equipment and the framework of a robot-man. He pushed it alongside me.

"I regret, John," Reinstadt said calmly, "that I have no ether. A blow on the head may injure your



Associated Press Photos

Pitted panes in Washington (circled, above) spread to California (below)

Northwest Mystery: A new form of car trouble—pockmarked and pitted windshields—which began to appear a month ago in Bellingham, Wash., spread last week to a wide area of the Pacific Northwest stretching from Olympia to Spokane, Wash., and northward to Victoria, B.C. No one seemed able to offer a satisfactory explanation of the mysterious phenomenon that suddenly disfigured thousands of windshields. Seattle Mayor ALLAN POMEROY appealed to President Eisenhower for “Federal agencies to co-operate with local authorities on an emergency basis.” Theories of the cause ranged all the way from defective glass to harmful industrial ash to “fallout” from the recent H-bomb experiments. Vandalism, at first suspected in Bellingham, was ruled out as the incidents spread. “This is not police work any longer,” said Seattle Police Chief JAMES LAWRENCE. “This is now for the scientists.” A committee of scientists from the University of Washington made an investigation and offered a tentative report discounting the mystery. “The most likely explanation at this time,” it read,

“is that the pitting is the result of normal driving conditions in which small objects strike the windshields of cars.” By the week end, similar disturbances were reported as far south as Van Nuys, Calif., and as far east as the Canton, Ohio, area.

Policeman's Lot: TV Dragnet star JACK WEBB cleared his books of one case last week only to find another one of increasing complexity. In Los Angeles, he turned over to his ex-wife, JULIE LONDON, \$350,000 in accord with the terms of their divorce. But his reported plans to marry actress DOROTHY TOWNE were delayed while she sought an annulment of her secret marriage to LEO PAVICH, a Hollywood café owner. Miss Towne charged that Pavich had not received a final divorce decree from his first wife before they were married in Mexico in 1950.

Unladylike? CHARLOTTE MCLEOD, née CHARLES MCLEOD, the latest product of the Copenhagen sex-change doctors, was given a rude pushing around by New York photographers upon arrival back in

the U.S. last week. Charlotte allegedly beamed one overzealous photographer with an umbrella, and he supposedly ruffled some newly acquired feminine composure by pushing Charlotte into a heap on the floor. Policemen quickly took charge but none of the principals bothered to press charges. Charlotte does not intend to become a night-club curiosity but hopes instead to write about the transformation.

Just a Mugg: J. FRED MUGGS, the uninhibited chimpanzee of the Dave Garroway TV program, conducted himself in a most unguestlike manner during a guest appearance on a Saturday-night TV show. He nipped the star of the show, MARTHA RAYE, on the left elbow during rehearsals. And after the show was over, he bit VICKI CARLSON, Miss Raye's stand-in, over the eyebrow as she was bidding him good night.

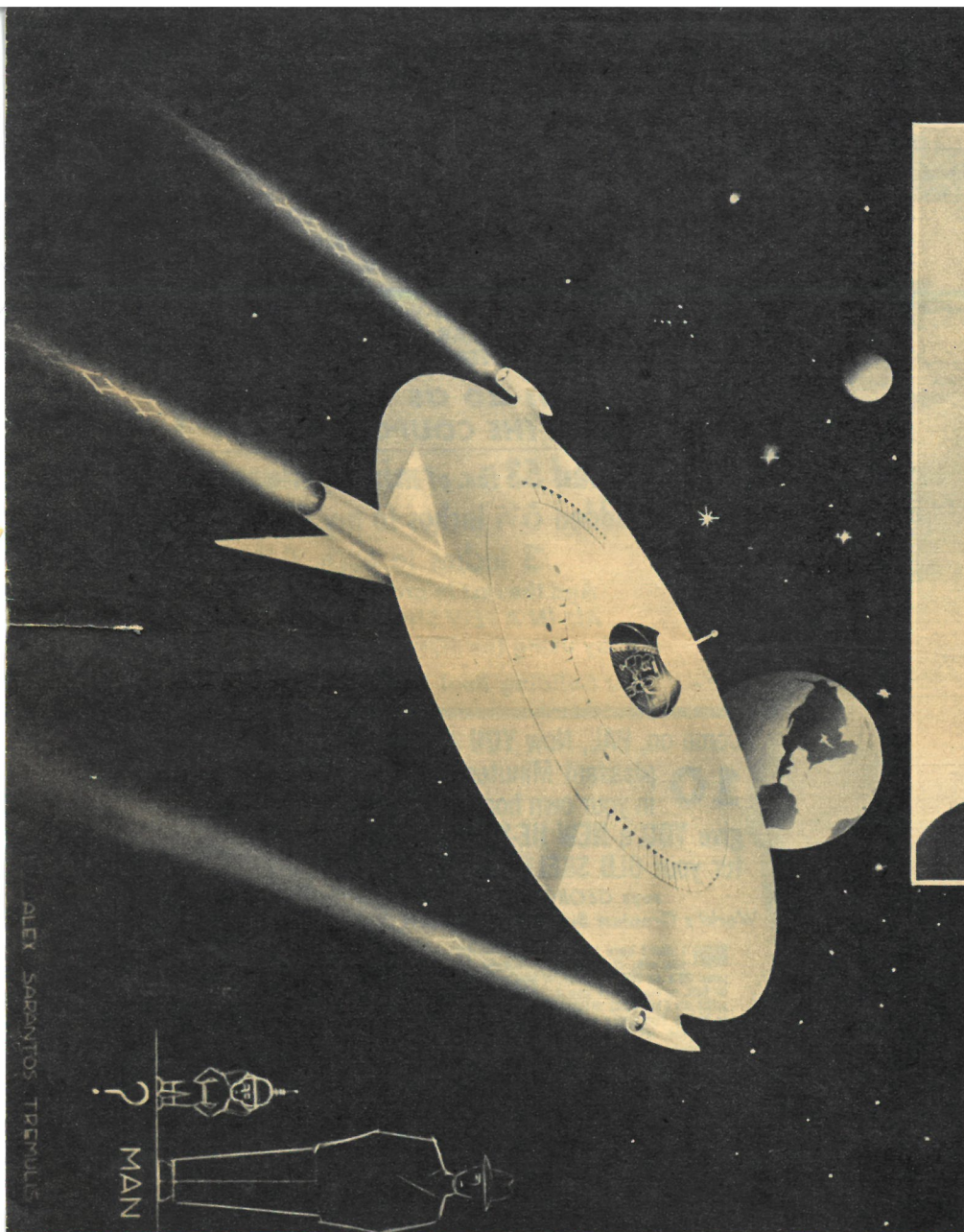
Little Joes: Returning to movie work for the first time since she was suspended three and a half months ago, MARILYN MONROE DiMAGGIO candidly told newsmen: “I'm not pregnant, but I wish I were. Joe and I want a lot of little DiMaggios.” Miss Monroe, the screen's leading female box-office attraction, reportedly received a wage boost from \$750 a week to nearly \$100,000 a picture. She said she was learning to cook steaks and chops—and liked the job—but readily admitted that Joe was “much better at making spaghetti.”

Italian Conquest: In Rome, Italy, where she is currently at work on a picture, screen siren AVA GARDNER played a cozy love scene for photographers with her latest conquest. The name of the lucky dog is Torero. However, the “bull-fighter” played hard to get, refused to pose, and finally had to be cajoled into surrendering to Miss Gardner's charm

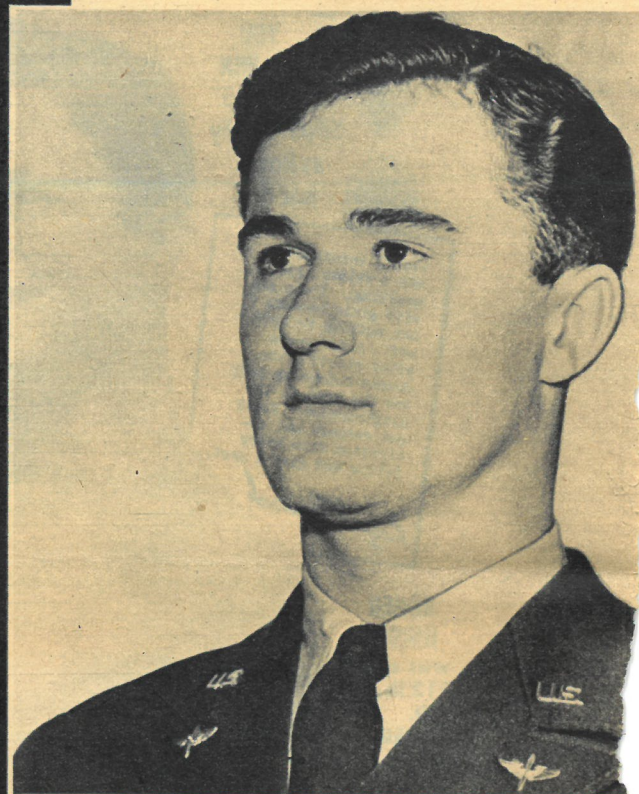


International

Ava found a new love



Even the Navy's Panther jet wasn't fast enough to catch up to a flying saucer. Designer Alex Tremulis sketched the above saucer

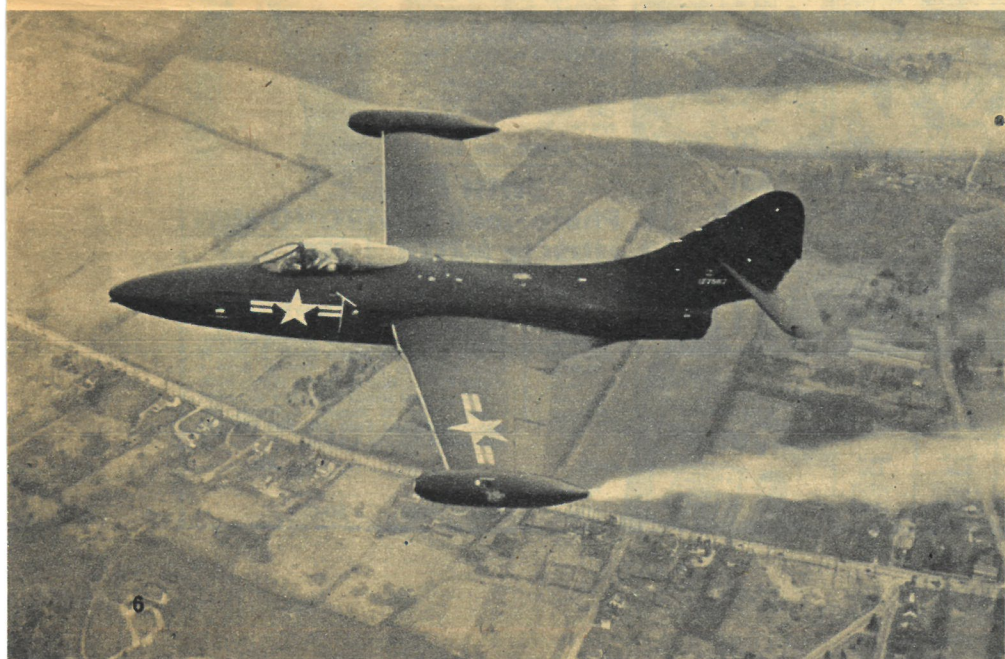


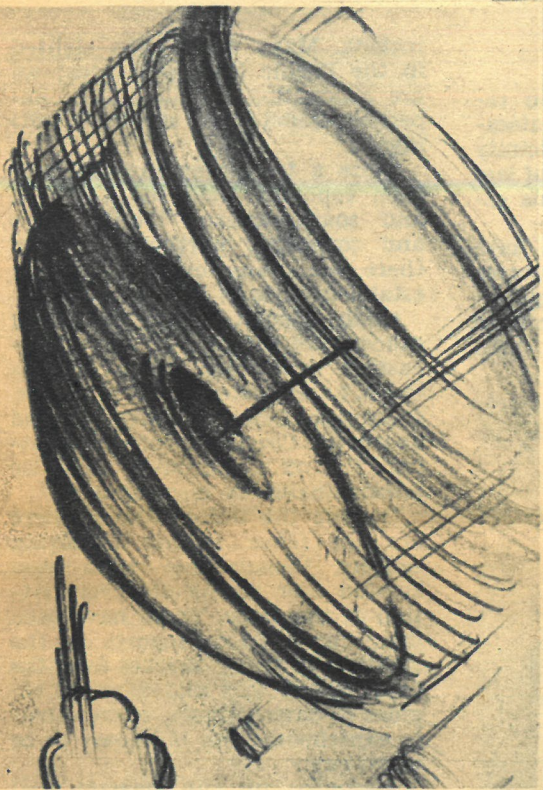
Capt. Thomas F. Mantell lost his life chasing flying disc.

Flying SAUCERS ARE BACK!

By THORP McCLUSKY

American scientists are now really worried about flying saucers — these weird machines have been sighted more and more—hovering over our biggest secret atomic experiments





The flying saucer as seen by an eye witness artist in Washington.

LAST fall, under due circumstances of secrecy, U. S. military authorities conducted a series of atomic-weapons tests—presumably involving “midget” atomic bombs and atomic warheads—in the vicinity of White Sands, New Mexico.

The tests extended over a period of several weeks, and were presumably highly satisfactory.

Concurrently occurred a phenomenon which received very little attention in the public press—but which may be even more important.

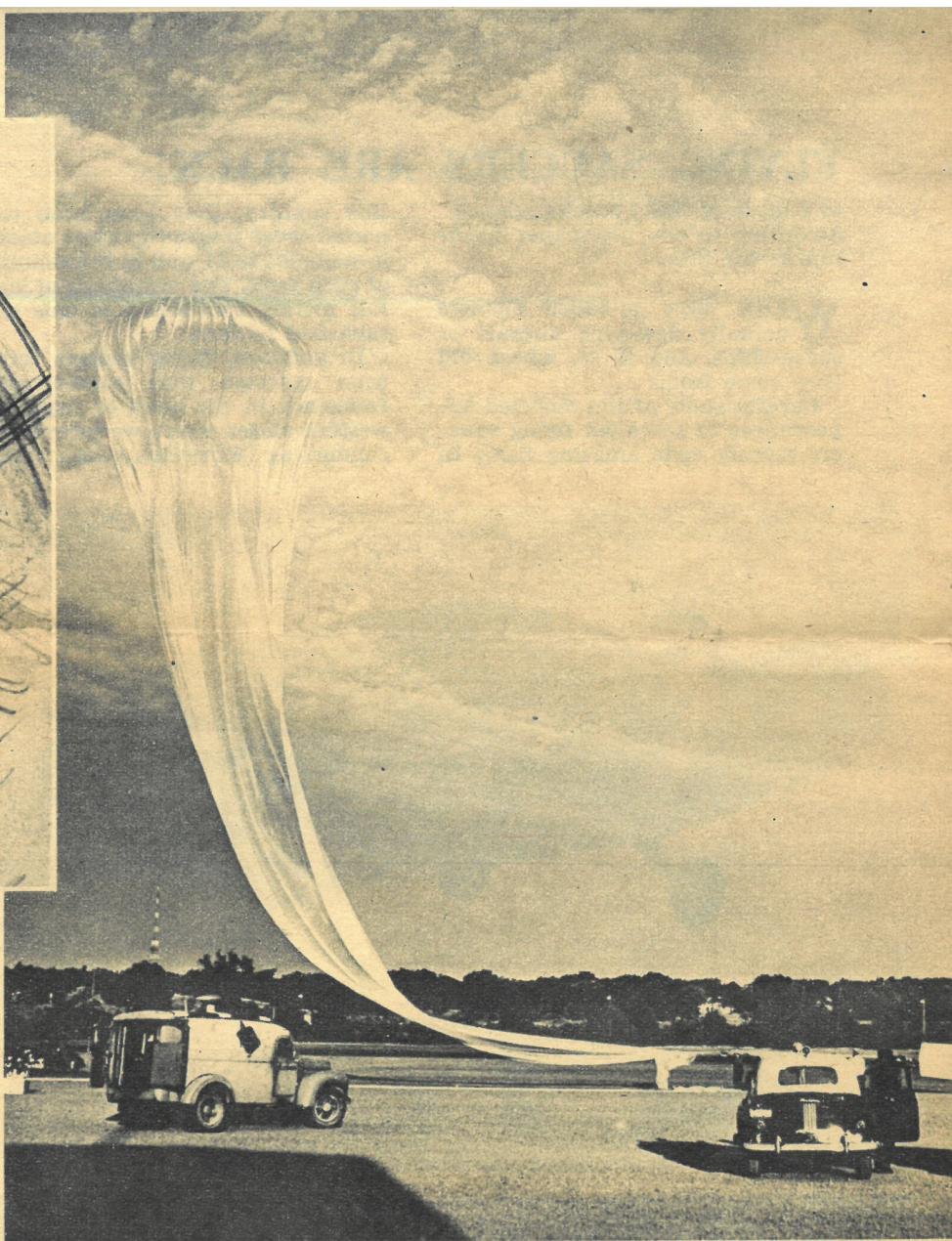
There was a display of “brilliant, hurtling objects” in the New Mexico-Arizona skies that has not been satisfactorily explained.

“What is happening is almost incredible,” stated Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteorics at the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque.

Dr. La Paz was referring to the sighting of at least seven brilliant and fast-traveling celestial objects—generally assumed to be meteorites “of major calibre”—within a period of 11 days.

“This is the most remarkable concentration of meteorlike objects reported in historic times,” Dr. La Paz said flatly.

The question asked now is: Were the objects sighted by literally hun-



Many theories were given when the saucers were first seen. Most popular—weather balloons like the above; this theory was wrong.

dreds of observers meteorites or something else — something far more sinister?

We are immediately struck by several oddities concerning the celestial display witnessed last fall. For one thing, the tremendous number of brilliant objects in the sky—more in a *few days* than are ordinarily reported in two years!

For another thing the reluctance of scientific observers to flatly identify the objects as meteors. The ambiguous phrase “apparent meteors” was common. One astronomer, Dr. C. H. Clemenshaw of the Griffith Observatory, was careful to emphasize that the objects differed greatly from the well-known Leonid meteoric display—which occurs annually in the fall. Unlike the Leonids, they came “from all di-

rections” and were much more brilliant.

One of the “meteors”—which was seen by airlines pilots and airport ground personnel—was described as spouting “pretty flames” in rocket-like fashion.

Some gave off a peculiar greenish light—seldom if ever a meteoric phenomenon. Dr. La Paz said that his staff had never recovered the remains of a “green fireball.”

On one occasion—November 8, to be exact—two objects so brilliant as to blind observers on the ground temporarily blazed across the sky a few minutes before noon. They were sighted by observers as far apart as 350 miles.

Meteors just don’t behave in that fashion.

All in all, the display added up

FLYING SAUCERS ARE BACK!

to a mystery that "puzzles science," according to one newspaper headline at the time.

WERE these so-called meteors actually new-type aircraft or space-ships, and if so, where did they come from?

Careful study of the reported appearances of so-called flying saucers reveals some amazing facts. In

this country, they have been reported *most frequently* after atomic-weapons tests, and in the vicinity of such tests. The visitations of last fall merely conformed to this established pattern.

In addition, flying saucers have been reported with considerable frequency in the block of "square" western states where we have been conducting experimentation with

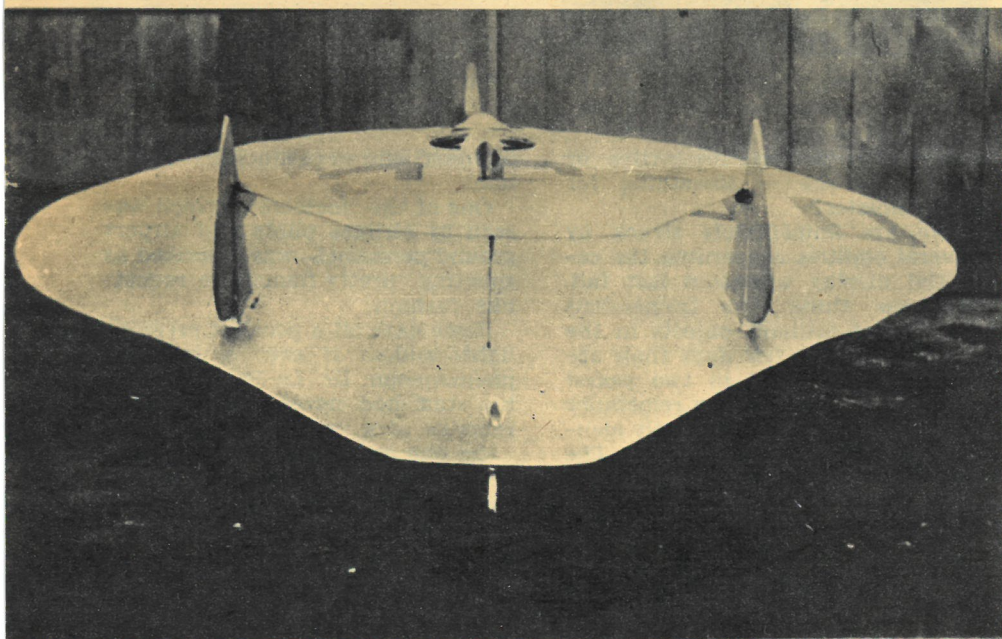
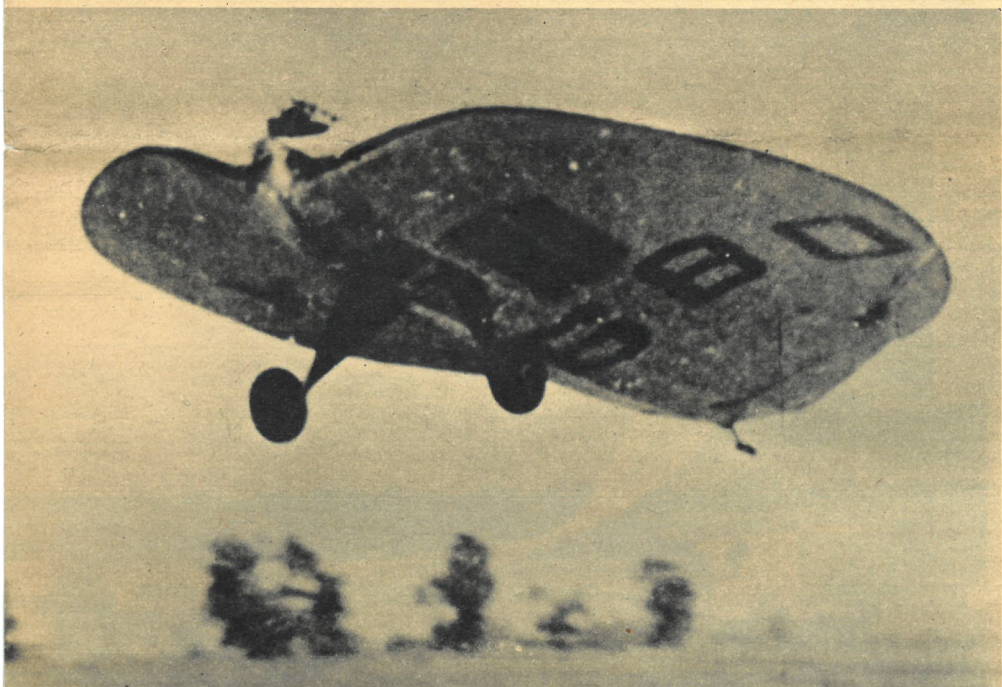
rockets. Many have been sighted in the Pacific Northwest area; we are conducting atomic-energy experimentation in the state of Washington.

Quite a few flying saucers have been reported from the southern and south-eastern "Gulf" states and somewhat northward, where there are many military-training establishments of various sorts.

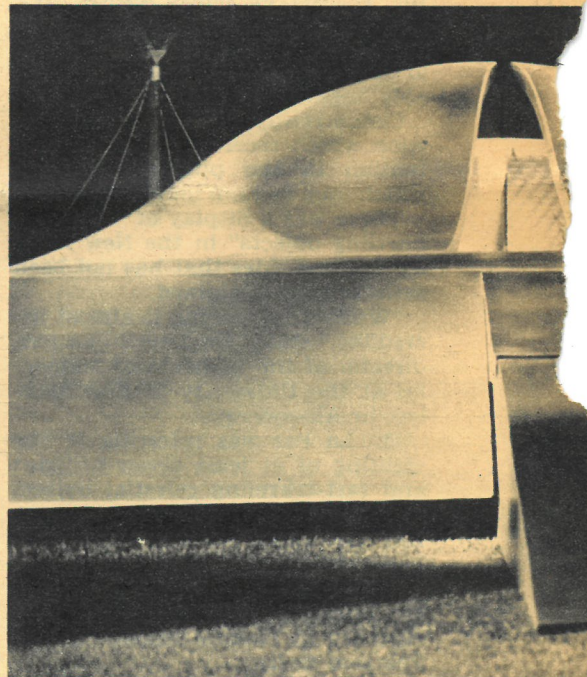
Oddly enough, few if any flying saucers are reported in the north-eastern industrial states, in the Great Lakes states, or, for example, California. Below the Mexican and above the Canadian borders sightings fall off so markedly as to be unexplainable by mere chance.

Outside the United States, there are far fewer reports of flying saucers, though they have been sighted over practically every nation of the globe. There have been many unverifiable reports of the sighting of flying saucers over the Lake Baikal and mid-Siberian regions of Soviet Russia, where atomic experimentation is known to be underway.

Assuming for the moment that the flying saucers are real, and not "cosmic balloons"—as the Office of Naval Research implied in a statement to the effect that all "reliable reports" of such objects were attributable to the big gas-bags—or "weather balloons"—as the Air Forces blandly warned, then what are they?



A forerunner of any "saucer-shaped plane" that might be flying is this craft, built and flown 15 years ago by Richard B. Johnson.



The evidence is overwhelming that they are flying machines of some sort. Too many competent observers have identified them as such for any doubt to remain on that point. Take, for example, the experience of Captain Lawrence W. Vinther, a pilot in the employ of Mid-Continent Airlines, who tangled with one of the things not so long ago.

Captain Vinther was in charge of a DC-3; his co-pilot was James F. Bachner, a veteran flyer of World War II with 6,000 hours of commercial flying to his credit. They were about to take off from Sioux City, Iowa airport at 8:30 P.M. when the flight-control tower requested that they investigate a brilliant light in the sky, traveling north-to-south at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. The light was to the west of the airport.

Note the detail of this request, which was quickly verified. The light was approached and found to be where it was first located, allowing for the fact that it was traveling at a leisurely pace. But as the DC-3 closed in it abruptly dived over the nose of the approaching plane, whirled about or reversed its direction of flight almost instantaneously, and flew in formation with the DC-3 at a distance of about 200 feet, maintaining the same altitude and speed. It kept this up for about five seconds, after which—as though satisfied with its



The Army's new cargo aircraft container, made of rubber, was also thought to be the mysterious "saucer." This theory was ruled out.

investigation—it zoomed away.

The mysterious craft was seen clearly, as there was brilliant moonlight. It was cigar-shaped, larger than a B-29, with an intense light shining from beneath the hull. Note that it was not the saucer shape most frequently reported, although unidentifiable craft of similar shape have been reported fairly frequently. It was definitely no known type of aircraft, and it was seen in detail by at least five persons—three men in the DC-3 (including one passenger) and two men on the ground.

The above example is given for two reasons; first because it indicates the reliability and exactitude of many witnesses who have reported sighting flying mystery-craft, and second because it is not as well-known as some of the other sightings.

It adds more proof to what has already been proven conclusively—

that, despite many undoubted instances of hallucination, mistaken identification (such as confusing Venus for a flying saucer), and even hoaxes as well as wishful thinking, flying machines of unknown origin *do* haunt the skies.

AT first thought, the widely expressed assumption that the strange objects are new, top-secret U. S. flying-machines seems to carry considerable validity. But it is easy to shoot this hypothesis full of holes.

We can take for what they're worth such announcements as President Truman's that he has no knowledge of flying saucers being developed by this or any other nation. Or the detailed statement of the Navy that it "is not experimenting with or doing research on any type of plane or guided missile that resembles in any way a

(Continued on page 68)

"The Day The Earth Stood Still" made movie-saucer headlines.

MEN PAST 40

**Afflicted With Bladder Trouble,
Getting Up Nights, Pains
in Back, Hips, Legs,
Tiredness.**

If you are a victim of these symptoms then your troubles may be traced to glandular inflammation. Neglect of such troubles often leads to permanent injury.

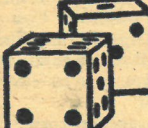
Glandular Inflammation is a constitutional disease and it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

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READING for MALES

**How To Start Your Own Mail
Order Business, by Ken Alexander**

Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former \$30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You just slice open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dissipates the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair colorings, medicines, cosmetics, jellies, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or if in business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

The book shows how to prepare a mail order ad, where to place it and gives the names of list brokers, and publications used successfully in mail order.

The book is sold on refund guaranteed bases and persons interested are advised to get it by sending \$2.00 directly to the publishers:

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. T-144

113 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

FLYING SAUCERS ARE BACK

(Continued from page 9)

flying saucer." Or a ditto statement by the Air Forces.

There is stronger evidence than that. For one thing, the appearance of the craft over the entire surface of the earth at different times. No nation—unless it were utterly foolhardy—would send experimental aircraft on such flights, incidentally violating international boundaries, and chance the possibility of one "cracking up" and its secrets being disclosed. And it's highly unlikely that we—granting our technical skill—have already developed a new-type aircraft that's capable of sustained globe-girdling performance without a single forced landing.

One point that's frequently forgotten is that flying saucers have been sighted for hundreds of years—long before we had gasoline engines and long before the Wright brothers.

Whatever we think of the late Charles Fort—who made a hobby of collecting news reports of inexplicable occurrences—we must admit that he certainly detailed many decades-old reports of strange objects in the sky. For example: lights in the sky over Dhurmsalla, India, on July 28, 1860, that moved like fire balloons but that were not such balloons; eight lights seen simultaneously over Wales, moving in formation, in 1877; two large bright lights moving over Inverness, Scotland, in 1848; a large, bright light seen over Canada and the United States at various times in November and December, 1913; moving lights sighted in the sky on February 24, 1904, by three crew-members of the U.S.S. Supply—and so on and so on.

The files of almost any large-city newspaper will give plenty of similar examples.

There is still another reason why the flying saucers cannot be ours. That is the fact that, when challenged, they have not hesitated to destroy American planes and flyers.

Still unexplained is what happened to five U. S. training planes that left Pensacola, Florida one day in 1946 and were never heard from again, though there was perfect flying weather. A sixth plane, sent

out to search, also vanished, though several others were unharmed.

Were those six planes destroyed by flying saucers?

Many other planes have been destroyed or rendered powerless by flying saucers. Charles F. Lane, while flying over the "hump" of the Himalayas some years ago, sighted a bright object which mysteriously stopped the engines of his plane and "froze" the instruments. After a moment of investigation, the craft sped away, and simultaneously Lane's plane resumed functioning.

Perhaps the most widely publicized incident of this sort was the death, on January 7, 1948, of Captain Thomas F. Mantell. Let him describe what happened in his own words, as spoken to the control tower of Goodman Air Force Base, Ft. Knox, Ky., as he attempted to approach a flying saucer:

"I'm closing in now to take a good look. It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. The thing looks metallic and is of tremendous size . . . I'm going up now and forward as fast as I can . . . I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase."

Those were the last words of Captain Mantell heard by human ears. His plane suddenly crashed—some said it "disintegrated" and he was killed.

This tragedy was witnessed by many persons, including men in three other planes. All four pilots saw the object Mantell sought to investigate.

It is unthinkable that this nation would destroy its own men to preserve a top secret—even the "flying saucer" secret.

ARE the flying saucers Russian, as many have conjectured? Again definitely not. The same objections apply as in the case of the U. S., and with even more emphasis, for Russian technology is far behind ours, and the flying saucers have been around for years.

One highly sensational viewpoint is that they are spaceships from the planet Venus, crewed by little men around 36 inches tall. In the

humble opinion of the writer, this solution of the mystery contains many flaws. For one thing, the atmosphere of Venus is incapable of supporting life as we know it. There are other objections too numerous to mention.

Perhaps the best-thought-out "explanation" of the flying saucers may be found in the excellent book "Is Another World Watching?" by the Englishman Gerald Heard, which has been published in both English and U. S. editions.

For one thing, it takes into consideration the fact that the mysterious craft fall into several different categories. One often reported is no more than two or three feet in diameter; automobile drivers have complained of being "buzzed" by these Lilliputian annoyances.

The next size is a saucer or disc shape, somewhere around 100 feet in diameter, more or less. Then there is a globe of tremendous size, strangely reminiscent of one reported half a century ago that was five times as big as the disc of the full moon. Finally there are the cigar-shapes, with dazzling lights along the sides, such as the one that passed an Eastern Airlines plane sometime ago as though the plane were standing still.

Heard conjectures that the smallest model is a crewless device, packed with instruments, that is used solely to record information obtained, perhaps, through some form of television and other fact-gathering devices. The medium size carries a crew, and is used for reconnaissance. The monster is the "mother ship," perhaps the only one of the assortment that is capable of interplanetary flight. The cigar-shape seems to be a special-purpose, crew-carrying craft.

The reason why the mother ship has been sighted so infrequently, Heard conjectures, is because it remains customarily at a considerable distance from earth. As a matter of fact, it could remain perpetually invisible within the cone of the earth's shadow by circling the earth every 24 hours in an orbit slightly less than 24,000 miles from our planet. No power, of course, would be required to maintain it in this orbit.

Heard further conjectures that the flying saucers come from Mars, if their point of origin is within our Solar System at all. As a matter of fact, Mars is probably the only planet in our system that is capable of supporting any form of life akin to ours (See SIR, March issue). Heard even suggests that

the two very small "moons" of Mars, which circle the planet with great rapidity at only a few thousand miles above the surface, are not natural satellites at all, but are artificial constructions used as "way stations" on the road to space.

Finally, Heard speculates that the crews of the flying saucers are not humanoid in physical construction, but are some form of insect life of considerable size as compared with our insects, but quite small as compared with humans. Insects, of course, are generally highly intelligent, while the insect structure, lacking a skeleton but completely enclosing the soft organs in "armor plate," would be capable of withstanding the many gravity accelerations, decelerations and changes of direction observed in the flight of the flying saucers.

That is one theory. All factors considered, it seems to be the best one advanced so far. It seems likely that Earth has been under scrutiny by visitors from another planet for some time. These visitors seem to be particularly interested in our military-scientific development, notably in the fields of aircraft and atomics.

Whether they are hostile or friendly is difficult to say. Generally they have avoided making hostile acts: It may be that they are studying our planet with a view to conquest and colonization, but a happier alternative is that they are "mining" our atmosphere for oceans of oxygen-hydrogen (water) of which Mars is in short supply. There have been reports of attempts to establish telepathic communication, but verification of these reports is currently impossible, although they keep cropping up.

There are several reasons why Martians—if there are space-traveling Martians—would not find our planet a very desirable habitation. Our much greater gravity, our much thicker atmosphere, would make life very difficult for them here, perhaps impossible. We could adjust much more easily to Martian conditions than Martians could do Earth conditions.

Perhaps, ultimately, the Martians will suggest the establishment of interplanetary relations, and trade between the two worlds.

That's the way the "flying-saucers mystery" shapes up at this writing. Viewed globally and with some knowledge of conditions on the other planets, it doesn't seem so much a mystery after all!

THE END

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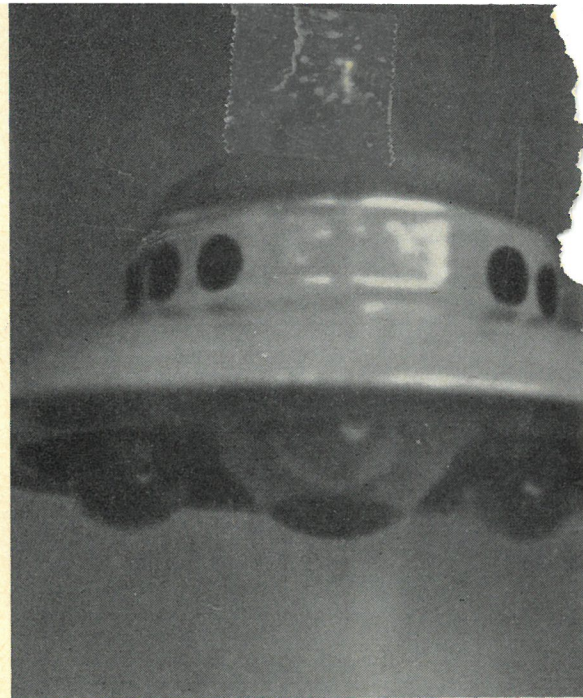
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Emissary from Venus

by J. SENECA SMELK



I WAS EATING a solitary supper on April 2, 1954 in my house overlooking Mount Monadnock, in New Hampshire. There was still an hour of sunlight as I sat munching health bread, and I was looking out at the golden light when suddenly I stopped chewing, and stared.

There was a silver dot in space, which grew larger as it approached over the mountain. It was like watching a balloon being inflated. I knew that this was a flying saucer; I had watched for seven years, whole fleets of them dart by in noiseless flight, following this course which I believe is a natural magnetic vortex by which they recharge their energy.

But I had the feeling that this ship was significant—that this one was for me! A strange force seemed to pull at my consciousness and rivet my whole being on the approaching phenomenon.

Then it abruptly stopped dead, a quarter mile from where I watched, spellbound. I was powerless to resist the will that drew me outdoors, but I did have the presence of mind to grab my camera.

The bell-shaped ship hovered motionless just above the ridge, reflecting golden light from the sinking sun. But my attention was drawn to a figure

standing on a flat rock, silhouetted against the sky. It was beckoning.

A stranger, but nonetheless I felt an instant affection for it. As at last we stood face to face, I knew I was in the presence of a superior being, a person of boundless love and pity and understanding. Though the long hair blowing in the chill wind had made me suppose this was a woman, I now saw it was a young man of remarkably fair appearance, medium height and slim build.

"From Venus?" I asked, pointing to the sun and making two circles, and he nodded and said, "Venus," in his boyish voice, making the same motions. I extended my hand and he brushed my palm with his, in what I suppose is the Venusian greeting.

Then we both stood back and framed mental questions, concentrating to telegraph our thoughts. A question in his mind made me look down at my new car in my driveway. The Venusian made steering motions and said, "Prrrt! prrrt!" intense curiosity in his face.

I murmured, "Really, it's nothing at all," and began a mental image of his saucer. But pictures of my car kept crowding into my consciousness and the Venusian seemed to be getting quite excited, pointing at the car and talking

gibberish. To placate him, I concentrated on valves and cylinders, tires, steel, gasoline, and roads. He looked amazed; but when I began to think about 150 horses yoked together to give the idea of horsepower, he reached into a concealed pocket in his tunic, pulled out a sort of notebook and scribbled furiously, talking to himself in what sounded like a tape-recorded speech rewinding at high speed.

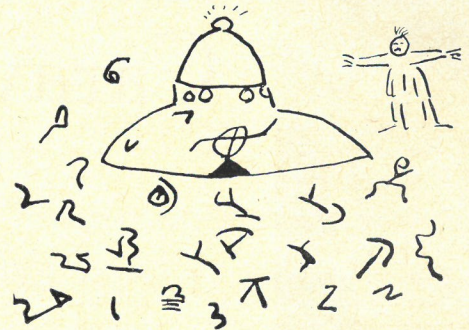
I wished to ask him a great many questions—whether all other planets were inhabited, whether they really lived up to spiritual laws better than we earthly materialists, whether cosmic dust from our atom bombs was endangering the whole galaxy, etc. But nothing I could think or signal had any effect. He waved aside my questions, and kept me at work on the car, scratching madly in his notebook.

Then abruptly he put away his notes, smiled beatifically and gestured farewell. His ship lowered to within a few feet. As he turned to go, he held out a slip of paper.

I found myself standing there staring at a diminishing dot. All I had to show for my experience was a picture of the "flying saucer" I had taken, and the strange hieroglyphics on the note in my palm.

I think I've found a fairly close translation of the Venusian's message, but I'm disappointed and puzzled. Working from translations of ancient forgotten languages, which I found in the Ramayana, the Sanskrit Samarangana Stutradhara and Dead Languages of the Atlanteans, (I have always agreed with philosophers who believed Earth's civilization came from another planet), I came up with this: "The all powerful, supremely omniscient Plut of Venus may commission me to purchase a large number of machines like your own—we on Venus have no terrestrial means of locomotion. I shall return with an extra vimana like the one you saw, which, together with 1000 spoles, I will give you in exchange for your machine."

I expect a return visit from my friend from Venus any day now, and then at



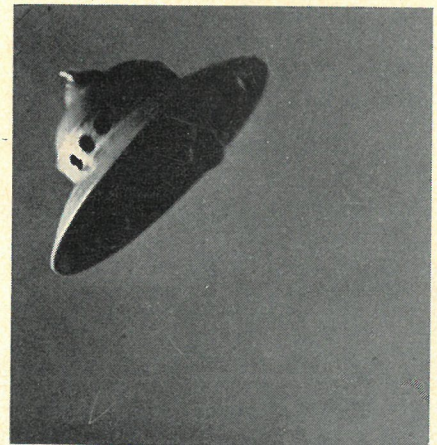
Venusian handwriting—see Smelk's translation below.

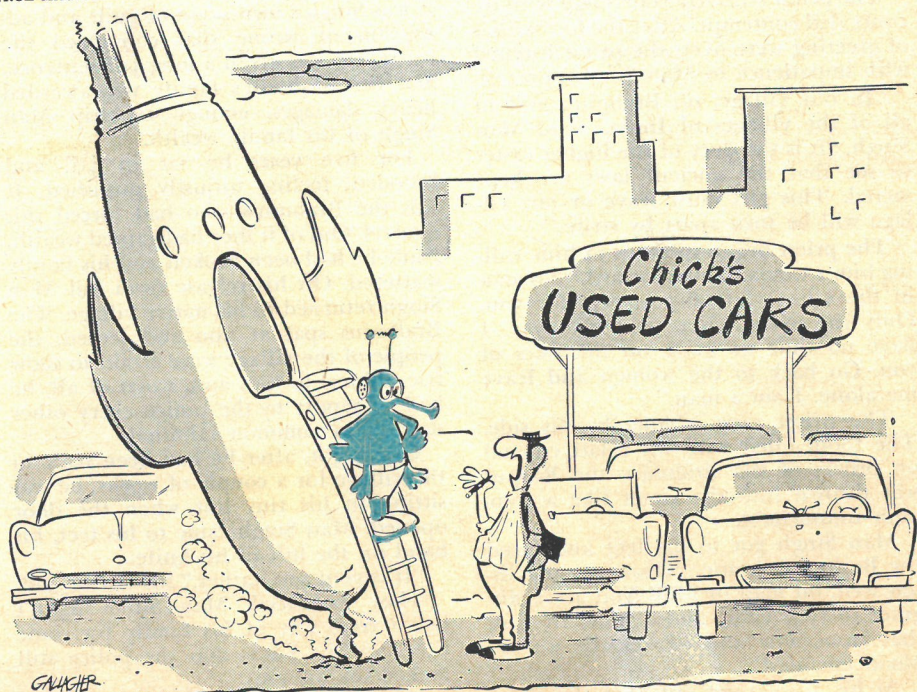
last, I'll be able to follow my thoughts into outer space. Only yesterday I had the distinct feeling that some force was at work on my mind again.

* * *

(Editor's Note): Saucer-researcher and authority J. Seneca Smelk's foregoing account bears striking resemblances to the extraordinary story of George Adamski's meeting with a Venusian on the California Desert, recounted in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, published by the British Book Centre in September, 1953. Note in particular the nearly identical likeness of the saucer photos in Adamski's book and Smelk's, although Smelk's with its slightly larger port-holes, may well be a later model.

Going up at 3000 mph from a standing start! Smelk "panned" to stop the action in this extraordinary shot.





"I can let you have fifty bucks on it, pal. That's the best I can do."

PRO and CON

Bluebook

Flying Saucers

To the Editor:

In "Flying Saucers Are the Bunk" (February BLUEBOOK), D. H. Menzel states: "... the Air Forces generally recognize that the explanations I have suggested in terms of natural phenomena are probably correct. ..."

This statement contrasts oddly with what Major D. E. Keyhoe says in his book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space." Keyhoe quotes the following official statement of "Project Bluebook," the Air Force agency that investigated flying saucers:

"[Menzel's] explanations were known to the Project, and carefully considered, long before Menzel published his theories. They explain only a small percent of the sightings. ... Prominent scientists analyzed Menzel's claims. None of them accepted his answers."

It appears that either Menzel or Keyhoe is publishing statements that are without foundation.

H. Somers

Quebec, Canada

To the Editor:

If flying saucers are reflections or deflections of light rays, as Mr. Menzel claims, how come they've been picked up on radar screens? And if they're mirages, how does he explain the fact that they've been photographed?

Ever seen a photograph of a mirage?

Paul Allen Okamoto

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

In my nearly 80 years, I've never seen a flying saucer as such, but did see, on one occasion, a phenomenon that can hardly be described as commonplace.

Address all letters to: The Editor, Bluebook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All letters must be signed. None can be acknowledged or returned.

In September 1949, my wife and I were returning to Florida from Nova Scotia by Pullman. It was a clear night and I sat looking out of the window, everyone having retired except myself and a man and woman.

Suddenly I saw a bright light moving fast across the sky, diagonally ahead of us. Excitedly, I called to the man and woman. As I pointed out the light to them, it stopped, remained stationary for an instant, then raced toward and over the train. We rushed to the window on the other side of the car, but couldn't spot it again.

It couldn't possibly have been an hallucination.

Albert Walker Stewart

Lakeland, Fla.

To the Editor:

I don't claim that saucers are real. But I'm disturbed at Menzel's narrow-minded attitude and lack of imagination.

If it weren't for imagination, we wouldn't be living in the modern world we take so much for granted today. After all, suppose you had tried to explain television a hundred years ago. You probably would have been put in an institution.

Tom W. Titlow

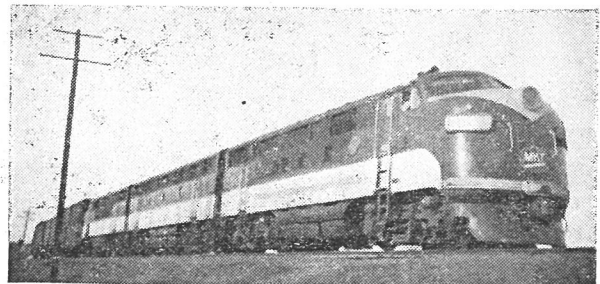
Philadelphia, Pa.

K-K-K-Katy

To the Editor:

I'm a railroad fan—more especially a Katy railroad fan. So I enjoyed Clyde Carley's "I Rode the Hottest Freight to Texas."

But why the picture of a New York Central engine? It's a Fairbanks Morse 2,000 HP dual-purpose Diesel. And, as far as I know, the Katy has no engines of this type.



Here's a snapshot of a Katy F-3 Diesel of the type mentioned in the article.

Charles M. Mizell Jr.

Dallas, Tex.

With a deadline hard upon him, our art editor couldn't get a good photo of a Katy Diesel, had to make do with the N. Y. Central number. He's sorry. We're sorry.—ED.